

\$2.50

WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

Newsletter : November 2001

Heat 1 Wireless Hill Challenge 2002

Friday, 2 November 2001

Novice Others' Poetry

Geoff Bebb	Johnson's Antidote - Paterson
Constance Herbert	Fire at Ross' Farm - Lawson
Ron Ingham	The Man from Snowy River - Paterson
Kerry Lee	Mongrel Grey - Paterson
Rod Lee	Said Hanrahan - John O'Brien
Leigh Matthews	Schneider Straus - Spencer
Chris Sadler	The Roaring Days - Lawson

Novice Own Poetry

Constance Herbert	Bush Justice
Syd Hopkinson	Real Bush Tucker
Rod Lee	Mulachy Mick
Trish Mathews	Duckman
Leigh Matthews	Old Ted
Charles Robert Stace	Readymix Explosion

Open Own Poetry

Chris Sadler	Australia's Wattle
--------------	--------------------

Open Yarnspinners

Rod Lee
Trish Mathews

Total Nominations= 16

**At the Raffles Hotel (Upstairs in The River Room)
at 7:30pm**

Lorelie's Letters

Lorelie is in Melbourne this week so we will have to do without her editorial this month. Lorelie deserves a holiday as she organized the Marybrook Winery, Bush Poet's event and compared the night as well, despite a nasty cold. More about Marybrook in this issue with photos in the next issue.



We have a very busy schedule in the next few months, with plenty of affordable entertainment for all tastes. Pencil in this

INVITATION

Rod and Kerry Lee would like to extend an open invitation to all members of the WA Bush Poets and all those folk who attend the Come Ye All evenings to join us in a

"Great Aussie Evening" at our property at 160 Blair Rd, Oakford.

Commencing at 4.00pm on Saturday the 24th of November till approximately 10:30 pm

The program will include traditional Australian Poetry – Contemporary Aussie folk music and a huge slice of comedy, with time for a good old Aussie Barbie and a few social drinks with old-new friends. Feel free to take part in any part of the evening, or come early with your swag, tent, camper or caravan and stay the night for a Sunday morning Brekkie Barbie. While there will be no formal entry fee, some of our professional entertainers will be paid and a \$5 a head donation would be appreciated.

BYO FOOD, DRINKS AND CHAIRS. BARBECUES WILL BE AVAILABLE.

Feature artists will be :-

- **Peter Capp** WA Champion Yarn Spinner
- **Chris Sattler** Past Champion Bush Poet
- **David Lee** Singer-Songwriter
- **Andrew Horabin** Singer-Songwriter
- With support from **Rod and Kerry Lee, Geoff Bebb, Ron Evans**



and other favourite performers.



STOP PRESS, STOP PRESS

Lovers of high quality Bush Poetry, will be delighted to learn that your committee has decided to change the format of our "Come All Ye" nights to include a regular guest artist, who will perform for up to half of the program – much as did Bob Magor in his recent visit.

The effect of this will be to allow some of our more professional poets (and some invited guests from over east), the opportunity to air their professional skills, to raise the standard of our evenings, to minimise repetition of old material and to provide a standard against which, novices like most of us can gauge our ability.

We will therefore finish up with high quality nights that will encourage the excellent audiences that we currently enjoy, to keep coming! We intend to run these evenings in March, May, July and September as a trial to gauge membership and visiting audience response. In addition we intend to invite Cobber Lethbridge down from Halls Creek as our guest artist to perform at the Wireless Hill Challenge 2002..

The first of the new format meetings in March 2002, will feature the redoubtable Peter Capp assisted by "Eric, the Van from Ironbark" and "Indigo D Wetrust". Please pencil these special events into your diaries and we look forward to evenings of the quality of the "Paterson and Lawson" nite and the recent Bob Magor evening.

Cheers Geoff Bebb

Marybrook Winery – Bush Poets Evening and Breakfast

Some of the poets made this event a full weekend affair with camping overnight on the Friday and the Saturday nights. The *House* property was full of campers, cars and even a boat. Friday night was spent merrily drinking and chatting, (don't ask Joan how she felt in the morning). The wine sampling, I gathered, got a little serious. Lorelie was lucky to find a bed to throw her swag on, with the homestead having just been vacated by a group of shearers the week before. The *Houses* certainly are great hosts. It seems to be "Open House" all the time, must come with the name. Hope you get a break soon Jan and Aub, you need a holiday too.



On Saturday night there were rain showers but the huge shed and big bon fires in drums kept everyone warm. The exuberant band "Not Long Gone" had no trouble competing with the rain on the roof during its introduction. Mercifully, the rain eased as the poets came on. Lorelie gave the audience a really good introduction to all the members and the association itself. There was a table of English people who were travelling around Australia, in the audience. They absolutely loved the show and the warmth of our traditional Australian hospitality. Some of the audience came on the strength of the March performance and asked for special requests from our poets.

In the morning, the new audience braved hailstones to join the poets for breakfast, that's how keen they were. Peter Capp and Peter Nettleton warmed up the proceedings with impromptu ditties on their guitars and then the poets wove their magic with more poetry.



Our thanks go to Jan, Aub and their entire family, who pitched in to help with dinners and breakfasts by the score. It must have taken a great deal of time and organization from everyone. Thanks also to our poets. Rusty, Ron Evans, Peter Nettleton and Peter Capp, Geoff, Joan, Rod and Kerry Lee – without you there would be no event.

The photos of this event will appear later, when all are developed.



Letters from our Poetic Wanderers:

As many of our members are in their well deserved retirement and therefore, on the road, we often have letters from their travels. Here are little excerpts from two of our latest free spirits.

Firstly a hello! from Chris and Don Sadler

"Don and I have recently been away on a 6 week camping trip up North of WA, into the N.T. Bush Poetry is alive and well in the outback pubs, stations and caravan parks. We enjoyed it very much and I even recited some Kitchen Chris, Farmer Don fun verse I have written. It went over very well at Daly Waters Pub." Chris says she has learned to relax more in saying poetry, even if she forgets the words. She practised her Henry Lawson poems in the ute while driving over bumpy roads and wished she could have joined us on the Paterson / Lawson Night.

She finds getting inspiration for writing new, fun, bush poetry is difficult when thinking of the problems in this crazy world of ours. However she also says "I know we must just keep going as normal - seeing the lighter side of life, having a good laugh is the best therapy for worry I'm sure! So I will keep trying to put pen to paper. Bye for now"

Now a cheerio! from John and Anne Hayes from Hyden

John and Anne are entrenched at the caravan park run by the Wave Rock Enterprises. They hold evening recitals at the motel's Salmon Gum Lounge, which holds about 100 people and is full to capacity most nights. Bush poetry is fast spreading to New Zealand as well, with busloads of international tourists coming to enjoy the show.

John and Anne are obviously enjoying themselves. John says "to keep fit we do quite a lot of walks around and over Wave Rock. We don't Rock Around the Clock – just Clock Around the Rock. We will be here until the end of October and hope to be home early November, which is virtually the end of the tourist season here. Until then we hope that all is going well at the Bush Poets".

Further correspondence from Hyden 18/10/01. "On Sunday evening last we had Banjo Patterson's great niece in the audience, she was most complimentary "When we go home we can say we have heard someone as good as Banjo". John has also become unofficial poet laureate and teacher at Merridin School where he continues his great work with Aussie kids; poets of tomorrow. Keith Lethbridge has also become a legend throughout WA and is continually been mentioned to John and Anne in their travels.

All's well with the bush poets, John, Anne, Chris and Don, thanks for your letters. Regards, Michelle

City Country Cousins

A local farmer started dreaming, as beneath a tree he lay,
Drafting sheep was all too tiring, on this hot and dusty day,
He slept so well on ground he knew, his sleepy mind it did now wander,
to trucks and tractors, grain and sheep, on these, with pleasure he did ponder.

He visualized both sun and rain, in his 'perfect season' dream,
Gleaming new machinery, healthy grain and pasture green,
But then his mind it did meander, and it really was a pity,
Cause his dream turned to a nightmare, and trapped him in the city.

Within this deep and scary dreamtime, he saw a horror filled illusion,
As all his farming expertise was thrown into confusion,
Hectic, noisy traffic, And people everywhere,
It was all so overwhelming, and more than he could bear.

His tractor driving caused a traffic jam, policing sirens rang out loud,
And gathering on the pavement was a noisy, jeering crowd,
Frisky lambs were boarding buses, and kelpie dogs howled in the lifts,
And the bales of wool upon the stairs, were just too hard to shift.

Stampeding rams smashed every window; wandering ewes went through the malls,
The boom spray smashed the traffic lights, causing spray graffitied walls,
He harvester rolled down the path, scattering people in the street,
While shopping trolleys full of fencing wire, got tangled up with wheat.

An ambulance went soaring past, as an auger spilled out grain,
And tarpaulins covered shoppers, as they sheltered from the rain,
So in turmoil did the farmer dream, as his nightmare reached its height
And he tossed beneath that gum tree, through this ghastly city fright.

*Now city worker too, started dreaming in his chair,
His computer caused his eyes to close; he went to sleep right then and there,
He sat so comfy at this desk, that his mind did float away,
Off to meetings, handshakes, folders, on a productive, stress free day.*

*Yes the city worker's dream, had started like a treat,
Executives and managers were there for him to meet,
But suddenly the city skills, were thrown in disarray
Cause he was whisked out to the country, much to his dismay!*

*On a motorbike he was, for a frightful airborne ride,
The gravel roads were bumpy; he skidded off one side,
The farm dogs did surround him, as they jumped and licked and yapped
And surrounded by the ducks and geese, he was aware that he was trapped*

*Fellow workmates rode the cattle, as he tried to speak his view,
And every time he called for coffee, they brought in rabbit stew,
The sheep baa ed out opinions, at the meeting in the shed,
And the manager upon the floor had his hair shaved from his head!*

*His laptop was a rain gauge, and it whirred and clicked and flashed,
Then it slid from up a windmill, and it hit the ground and smashed,
His brief case was a toolbox, his mobile phone a wrench,
And his oily, covered papers, lay scattered on the bench.*

*The company suit he wore, was no longer smart and neat,
As the overcoat now smudged and torn, had pockets full of wheat,
And still he dozed at his computer, with his chair back on the wall,
And in fits of restless sleep, he bravely dreamt it all!*



Continued p 5

So the city worker and the farmer, woke from their respective dreams,
 And realised that things were not, really as they seem,
 Confirmed within each others minds, were their very different goals,
 Cause their dreams had given insight, to another lifestyle role,

But both were very thankful, of the part that each did play,
 and were respectful of each other, in their workloads every day,
 So dream away I say, as often as you like, but learn from this one ditty,
 that farmers lives are for the land, while others for the city!

©Chris Sadler

A Wave from the Rock

Old Cobber's gone to the Kimberley at Halls Creek, last I heard,
 Wandering the bush tracks and talkin' to the birds.
 Though past his prime at fifty-five, there's still spring in his steps.
 There's a lot of mileage in Cobber's legs before his last sunset.

I heard by mulga wireless and from nomads passin' through,
 He's out there promoting bush verse in tradition that's true blue.
 And you can bet dollars to a doughnut his heart is most content,
 When he's out among the mulga where youthful days were spent.

Is there a chance that he may turn feral for a month or two?
 I can't say that I blame him - it's a natural thing to do.
 When your spirit is replenished from the fountain of your dreams,
 And the voice is freely flowin' with verse of Australian scenes.

While these few lines I pen from the wheatbelt's Eastern Fringes, I wonder where Cobber might be camped.

Is he in the Sawtooth Ranges where the billabong is deep and craggy peaks dominate the land?
 Does he summons inspiration from the earth and sky, within the realm of his creative flair?
 Or does he harvest information from wayfaring souls, who have campfires and a yarn to share?

I guess that I should mention with the best intention, wherever Cobber's footsteps care to roam.
 He'll fret about this family and sometimes feeling lonely, separated from the warmth that waits at home.
 But sometimes when duty calls, it cannot be ignored and we have to battle on the best we're able.
 Then you are surprised the weeks go racing by, when he's home with his feet beneath the table.

We must alter our agenda for the first week in December, to be present where poets congregate.
 Where we can listen to the finest of Australian rhymers, which is something we appreciate.
 So I hope Cobber will be present, also Bebb and Evans, who will entertain us with their polished style.
 And if I want to participate it would be appropriate, If we could stay at home – for a while!

© John Hayes



Come All Ye for October

We were pleasantly surprised to see over 60 people attend tonight, such a short time after our special "Bob Magor Night". The evening was greatly augmented by 17 members of the Leeming Rotary Association forming a very happy table at the back of the room. We had quite a few non – members again, which shows we must be getting out there into the community.

Trish Mathews, who was our compare this evening, braved a bad cold to attend. Quite a few of our members were recovering from the wog. This is perhaps why we had a number of poems with death as part of the theme.

Even the great Aussie Victa "Motor Mower" was crook, according to **Rusty Christensen** our first presenter. Banjo Paterson's "Geebung Polo Club" players were not much better by the end of the game either, in fact quiet a few of them snuffed it. Violent mob eh! Despite the win.

Ron Ingham followed suit with Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Sick Stockrider". At least the thought that this man would not change his life if he had to live it again, was really positive.. Ron's beautiful description of the countryside sold this very long, eloquent poem. Ron could you sell me a piece of your phenomenal memory as well, please?

Rod Lee's hysterically funny description of "A Stuff Up" by Marco Gliori, certainly lightened the mood. This was a saga of mistaken identity with a poor Mr Whippy Van man, suffering the consequences. I'd never heard this one before. Nice to hear some new material!

Leigh Matthews, who has also just recovered from illness, decided that we needed a mix of frivolity and seriousness and thus the night went on. He recited his Anzac Day poem about the horses of the 10th Light Horse who didn't come back from the campaigns in the Middle East. Leigh then balanced this with a series of short fun poems including his "Carnivorous Zip" and a "Cockroach" poem inspired by a session on the famous Aussie Loo. "We can always learn from these painful inspirations," said Leigh, such as buying Velcro zips, and "Morteining" the raucous kids and 'missus' out of the house.

It looked like **Syd Hopkinson** was similarly inspired by humorous experiences, for he also gave us a series of new, short, funny poems. One was on being a flea on the horses at El Alamein. The others were "At the Movies", "At a Nudist Club" and "Golf Club" as well as his classic "The Illiterate Stockman" named Ernie. Modern day parables perhaps, disguised as very witty poems?

Connie Herbert maintained this balance of levity to seriousness as well, with Judy Boyd's 1990 Bronze Swagman winning "From the Third Floor Balcony" first off. This is a very common tale of getting older and having to change lifestyles. A retired bushie in a small city flat felt part of him die when he took his feet off mother earth. On the lighter side "The Great Australian Male" tries to buy an F.J. from a migrant Italian, used car dealer. The problems arising from 'the government letting people in, who can't speak the lingo' forms the humorous base of the poem. Beautifully rendered by Connie's use of Aussie/English/Italian accents. My father was one of these migrants Connie. Funny, he learnt the words "bloody bastard" very quickly too, much to his prim daughter's embarrassment.

The rich content of mother earth comes up again in **Kerry Lee's** newly discovered poem (by Rue Barb???) via Gardening Australia. This poem has some really interesting imagery in it - such as 'organic tucker' and 'gourmet soil'. Kerry certainly seems very happy to be connected to nature. Perhaps Kerry, you would also like to be a recycled poet buried under the compost heap on your selection when the time comes to leave. Sounds like a useful way to go?

More on this wonderfully, impossible Aussie lingo from **Brad Hilder** – our new face for the evening. Brad recited his own poem, inspired by a German friend's difficulty in understanding the words "Fair Dinkum". Brad explains what it is to be "ridge-didge, at your local, bonzer, cobber, true -blue". I bet your German friend was "none the wiser" after that explanation, Brad, but he couldn't miss the sentiment. Great, mate, please come back with more. It's lovely to see a young face at our gathering as well.

After a year, **Geoff Bebb** has also recycled or is it resurrected "Ron Evans Funeral". It sounded even better than the first time Geoff, people responded with great gales of laughter. It could become a classic. We're also glad Ron's alive to share the tale. See you at Marybrook, Ron. Geoff's second poem "The Verbals Devoured" is actually the more serious of the two poems and struck a sensitive chord with several people in the audience. It is a poem about the difficulty of finding true communication, cleverly disguised as a story of horses escaping from the station.

Come All Ye Continued

Bob Magor's "Bachelor Blues", inspired by a true experience, shared by Rusty and Bob, long ago, was recited later in the evening. He added "The Shearer's" exploits shearing sheep in a vineyard for 6 weeks. A very non-sobering experience. Two very funny poems to bring the see-saw up again.

Trish as MC rounded off the evening with an epic poem/story of her own called "White Man's Gin". As she said, poetry at times needs to tell the truth and be a little confrontational. This poem was about Bess, a young aboriginal girl, married to Old Joe. The pull to go 'in her dreaming' allowed her to be lured by a drifter to the big city where she becomes a prisoner to vice, illness and eventual death. This sad tale however, is also a love tale where Joe rescues his beloved wife and restores her to her children, before she dies. Beautifully written and narrated, Trish.

I suppose poetry, like any creative endeavour, reflects the times in which the creator lives. This certainly was the case tonight. The essence is to keep a delicate balance between sobering truth and uplifting tales - thus staying sane as possible in impossible times. Join us next time for this "poetry therapy" which heals as it entertains. I guarantee an evening at the "Come All Ye" is the cheapest and best medicine you can have and the after effects are all positive.

Cheers, Michelle

**Bowman Furniture
Industries P/L**
158 Maddington Rd
Maddington WA 6109
Ph: 9493 4333
Fax: 9493 4933
Email: daverodkerry@bigpond.com

What
would
you like
to
advertise
next
month
in your
News-
letter?

KIT
Kreative Image Technology
ABN: 63 556 309 604
Personalised Graphical Images + More
Unit 1, 8 Hill Street
SOUTH PERTH WA 6151
Telephone (08) 9367 4963
msorrell@iinet.net.au

Michelle Sorrell
Kreative Designer



This month's advertisers are:

Rod and Kerry Lee who would like to offer you quality furniture. Perhaps a new entertainment unit for Christmas is on your mind?

Michelle Sorrell who'd like to offer you unique, personalized business cards, greeting cards and affordable art work for Christmas presents.

Committee Contacts Year 2001 – 2002

Name	Address	Position	Phone	E-Mail
Lorelie Tacoma	16 Gratwick Tce Murdoch, WA 6150	President	9310 1500	tacoma@tpg.com.au
Peter Nettleton	3 Ashwood Pl South Lake, WA 6164	Past-President	9417 8663	stinger@iinet.net.au
Michelle Sorrell	Unit 1, 8 Hill St South Perth, WA 6151	Secretary	9367 4963	msorrell@iinet.net.au
Geoff Bebb	Unit 1, 8 Hill St South Perth, WA 6151	Treasurer	9367 4963	geoff@surpac.com
Rusty Christensen	51 Coogee Road Ardross, WA 6153	Committee	9364 4491	
Rod Lee	160 Blair Road Oakford, WA 6113	Committee	9397 0409	daverodkerry@bigpond.com
Kerry Lee	160 Blair Road Oakford, WA 6113	Committee	9397 0409	daverodkerry@bigpond.com
Phyllis Tobin	8 Fionn Court Ardross, WA 6153	Committee	9364 4323	tobins@iinet.net.au
Joan Macneall	23 Streatham St Beckenham, WA 6107	Committee	9451 6008	macneall1@iinet.net.au
Constance Herbert	Unit 6, 5 Crabtree Mews O'Connor, WA 6163	Vice President	9331 2321	
Barry Higgins	140 Bernard Road Carabooda, WA 6033	Committee	9407 5311	

**The Members of the Editorial Sub-Committee
Would like to thank all those,
who contributed to this Edition of The Newsletter.**

**Without their support and enthusiasm,
a Newsletter like this would not be possible.**

Many Thanks

Geoff Bebb - Editor

WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Association Inc

Coming Events

Date	Event	Co-ordinator
Frid 2 nd Nov 2001	Heat 1 Wireless Hill Challenge 2002 Raffles Hotel	Geoff Bebb 9367 4963
Frid 30 th Nov 2001	Final Nominations Heat 2 Wireless Hill Challenge 2002	Geoff Bebb 9367 4963
Frid 21 st Dec 2001	Final entries for adult Written Competition 2002 Wireless Hill Challenge	Geoff Bebb – Competition Judge 9367 4963
Sat. 26 th Jan 2002	Wireless Hill Challenge	Geoff Bebb 9367 4963
Frid 1 st March 2002	Special Come All Ye Meeting Featuring Peter Capp and supporting Local Poets	Rod Lee 9397 0409
Frid 3 rd May 2002	Special Come All Ye Meeting Featuring Visiting Eastern States Poet and supporting Local Poets	Rod Lee 9397 0409

Return Address

The Hon Secretary
WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Assoc.
Unit 1, 8 Hill St
South Perth WA 6151

Postage Paid

Australia

PP No: 607 742 100 42

Syd Hopkinson

**94 Kingsway
NEDLANDS WA 6009**